

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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YOSEMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA

PROF. WILLIS L. MOORE, chief of the Weather Bureau, resigned his position on March 22. His resignation will take effect on July 31.

THE first successful flight over the Swiss Alps was made in January of the present year by a Peruvian airman. The flight required twenty-five minutes.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the illustrious Nathaniel Hawthorne, is now serving sentence in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, for fraud in using the mails.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILBANK ANDERSON has given \$650,000 to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Mrs. Anderson designed her gift to be used in fostering preventive and constructive measures for the general good, and not to relieve the condition of particular individuals or families.

THE new banking-house of Mr. J. P. Morgan is to be only four stories high; but the foundation is built to sustain thirty stories if ever desired. A wise way for youth to build, laying a foundation so broad, so true, so strong, that whatever strains are brought to bear upon it in life's work, this character foundation will need no change, it will stand true, equal to all emergencies.

From the Wash-Tub

WHEN the young bride first goes to housekeeping, she is sure to be deluged with a great deal of well-meant advice. Some of it is superfluous, some too old-fashioned to fit into the daily routine of the present, some of it entirely distasteful; but here and there she is sure to run across a few nuggets of wisdom that she will treasure up for future use, and rejoice many times over their possession. Such a handful of nuggets was bestowed upon me in my first days of "bride" housekeeping by a friendly "cullud lady" who was a frequent visitor to my home on wash-days. Her advice I give in its original form:—

"Wha' dat you say, honey? Fade dem new frocks? G'way dar now! Ain' never faded no frocks sence I wuz born. Course, dese 'ere cheap folks, wha' don't know nuffin' but ol' cheap goods, dey boun' ter muss up things fo' sho'. But I dun' bin washin' fo' de quality, I has; an' I ain' faded no frocks. No'm!

"Dat brown linen? Sho', dat's easy ter wash. Jes' you go inter de kitchen, and fotch me a cup o' good strong tea. Dar now! I jest pours dat into de water 'fore I washes de dress; an' it ain' gwine to fade none 'lessn you hangs it in de sun. Course, all on dese cullors gwine fade ef you treat dem dat way. Nebber hang a cullud frock en de sun, or it'll fade sho', nebber min' what you do. Ef you ain' got no tea handy, make sum outer hay by pourin' bilin' water ober it. Dat'll work, too.

"What's dat dar? Dem cullud handkerchiefs you dun use for campin'? Sure, de cullors'll run ef you don't know how ter handle 'em. Jes' you stir a han'ful ob black pepper into de firs' suds, and dey won't run a mite. Dat fixes dem fo' sho'.

"Now, dis pink an' blue waist, and dat ar lavender dress, am de likeliest ob all ter fade. Course, if you soak dem in salt water fus', 'fore you wash dem, why, dat helps some. But dat ain't always 'nuff ter do de job. You run down ter de drug store dere on de corner, an' you buy me some sugar ob lead crystals. Fibe cents' wuff'll be enuff. An' den I jes' soaks dem dresses in a tub of water wid dem crystals in it fo'

half an hour 'fore I washes dem, an' dey won't nebber fade.

"Do I use dem crystals wid green? No'm! For why? 'Cause a leetle squinch ob alum in de water is de bestest thing for green dere is. An' when I washes out, I allays keeps some ob dat on han'. Green am de exasperatin'est thing er-goin'.

"Course, I heard lots ob times 'bout dese vinegar-bafs fo' cullud goods. Yessum! Dat's good, too, ter fix de cullors. Jes' you dump a half er cup o' vinegar into de soak-water when you ain' got nuffin' but ornery frocks ter wash. But when youse got any ob dese ere largery dresses, like these 'ere weddin' fixin's, why, you jes' min' what I tells yo', and you'll cum out all right ebery time."

And several years of testing have proved both her advice and her prophecy to be founded on the truth. —Martha H. Clark, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Bible Lord's Day

IN the first chapter of the book of Revelation and the tenth verse John states, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." The question arises, Which day of the week does the Lord claim as his day? Let the Bible answer the question. In Matthew's Gospel the twelfth chapter and eighth verse we read, "The Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day." It is evident, then, that there is one day of the week over which the Son of man is Lord and which he claims as his own day, and in the text just quoted it is stated that that particular day is the Sabbath day. Ex. 20: 10 reads, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Here the particular day of the week designated as the Sabbath is pointed out. "The seventh day is the Sabbath." Since the Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath, and the seventh day is the Sabbath, it becomes very evident that the revelator "was in the Spirit" on the seventh day of the week, for that is the day which the Lord calls the Sabbath and claims as his day.

The Sabbath day, or seventh day of the week, is the only day which God has in a special manner blessed. On that day God rested from all his creative work. He blessed and hallowed the day, and set it apart as the day in which man could enter into a spiritual rest. Those who keep all the commandments of God, and therefore observe his holy day, the seventh-day Sabbath, in spirit and truth, may know what it is to enter into his rest and be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" and, furthermore, the blessedness of so doing will reach beyond this life. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22: 14.

JOHN J. WOODS.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
The Bible Lord's Day	2
Her Gethsemane	3
Rice-Growing in Hunan, China	4
How You May Help	5
Hail, O Spring! (poetry)	6
Ministerial Department	6
The Potter	7
The Most Necessary Star	8
The Little Agent	10
SELECTED ARTICLES	
From the Wash-Tub	2
Sheep-Dog Trials in Scotland	8
Yee Sui's Lonely Service	9
I Didn't Think (poetry)	11
The Lesson of a Night	11
Lost Child Found by Dog	11
The Worshiper and the Visitor	14
Never Had a Chance	16

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Her Gethsemane

HELEN ADAIR



HE had had trials before, many of them. She had suffered poverty and sickness, had known the pangs of unrequited love and desertion, had been cursed, and had had attempts on her life; but never, until that night in the little upper room at Highgate, did she know the meaning of that bitter word Gethsemane. It was as if all the sufferings, all the trials, and all the temptations that she ever had had and ever could have, were added together and projected upon her at once. It was *the* battle of her life with self, and, like her Lord's, it was Satan's "hour, and the power of darkness."

When but a child, she had formed the habit of playing with the serpent that "stingeth like an adder." As the sorrows of maturity increased, the habit grew stronger, until the serpent from the cup seemed to be winding its clammy death coils around her very heart and throat.

She had seen her danger, and again and again had sought to free herself from its awful embrace; but as soon as she had torn it partly off, some jeweled hand had cast it about her again, and she had writhed once more in her helplessness and despair.

That very day she had asked for work (she was an artist), and instead of work or bread, she had been given a bottle of wine. She was too weak to refuse it, not strong enough to throw it away, and she dared not pull the cork. All she could do was to hide it under her cape and hasten away with it to her friend in the little upper room. Thrusting it into her hands as soon as the door was opened, she cried hysterically, "Take it! take it, and don't let me have it!" and fell into a chair, as pale as death. Recognizing the struggle that was on, the key was turned in the lock, and then slipped into a pocket. And well it was; for nothing short of bolts and bars could have prevented her that night from rushing madly into delirium tremens and a drunkard's grave.

For hours the battle waged. Darkness more penetrating, more stifling, more dense than the outside fog, filled the room. The glowing coals on the hearth gave a few fitful gleams, and went out. The gaslight shone as through a glass darkly. The air seemed alive with demons hurling their fiery darts at her defenseless head. Cries and prayers of fear and despair rose from the floor where she had fallen. Her long, black hair, loosed in the struggle, was torn in handfuls from her head. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" she cried.

A voice answered quickly, but distinctly, "God has *not* forsaken thee, any more than he forsook his own Son in the garden."

Looking up, in surprise, she saw, amid the deeper gloom of that other Gethsemane, the stricken form of her Lord. She beheld the temptations and iniquity of us all crushing him to the ground. Lurking among the trees, she descried hellish shadows, and heard insinuating whispers,—whispers of eternal banishment from God, for him who knew no sin, if he went on and

gave his life for our sins. She witnessed his pure soul shrinking from the cup, his loneliness, his longing for even a mortal man to pray with him. She listened to the thrice-repeated prayer: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." She gazed in horror at the drops of blood that wet the sod, and at his swaying, fainting form. Then, with trembling awe, she looked upon the sudden light, the white-robed angel, and the new-found strength and peace of the Son of man. She followed him to the judgment-hall, and to Calvary, and saw him give up all to save *her* from her sins. But that was not the end. She viewed an open grave and a risen Saviour, a cloud of angels and an ascending Lord. Once more she looked, and behold, at the right hand of God in heaven stood the glorified Christ stretching out his pierced hands toward her and beckoning *her* to come.

Tears, like the tears that Peter shed when Jesus looked on him, flowed down her cheeks,—tears of remorse and bitter penitence. How small seemed her Gethsemane! How less than nothing all *her* all that she could give for him!

"O Lord, forgive, forgive!" she cried; "but I have no power even to will to do thy will. I can not want to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

A voice replied: "'It is *God* which worketh in you both to *will* and to *do* of his good pleasure.' Pray for him to make you willing to do his will."

After a terrible struggle with self, she got up on her knees and prayed: "I can not want to do thy will, O God, but I give thee permission to make me willing."

Instantly her heart was changed. The angel of God strengthened her. She sprang to her feet, snatched up the tempting bottle and sent it crashing into the grate. Falling on her knees again, she prayed as she had never prayed before—not in the minor key of mourning and defeat, but in the ringing tones of thanksgiving and victory.

'Tis true the cross was still before her; but her will had been surrendered; the battle with self—the hardest battle in the world—had been fought.

Once more was the victory gained in dark Gethsemane!

Love's Millionaires

LOVE's millionaires are the only ones to be envied. Some of them are rich, as the world counts riches, but quite as many are poor. They do not live in palaces, as a rule, but kindness and consideration are among the furnishings of their homes. They may not dress elegantly, but they are adorned with the jewels of courtesy and gentleness. Their bank-account may be small, but the number of their friends is great. They have little money to invest, but every day they are making new investments of helpfulness, and this is bringing wonderful returns. The rich man leaves his money behind him for his heirs to quarrel over. Love's millionaires carry their wealth with them, and are enriched by it to all eternity.—*Selected.*

Rice-Growing in Hunan, China

R. F. COTTRELL



In the north of China wheat is the principal product and staple article of food, so in the southern provinces rice-growing is the great farm industry, and the bowl of rice constitutes the "staff of life." In most parts of this province, practically all the lowlands, or flats, are devoted to the cultivation of this grain.

In March and April, rice in the husk is sown very thick in large beds, which by skilful irrigation are covered with an inch or two of water. The grain, when planted, is called *gu* by the Chinese, and when it sprouts, sending forth its tender blade from four to eight inches in length, it is then known as *yang*.

The farmer then takes the plants of *yang* from the beds, and sets them one by one in the mud, in rows each way, six or eight inches apart. This work is mostly done during the month of May. Some weeks later, the fields are treated to a heavy sprinkling of lime, and the agriculturist tramps and stamps about between the narrow rows to stir the mud and mix in the lime.

If there are no serious floods, the growth is rapid, and by September the golden grain waving in the breeze presents a scene very similar to a field of wheat or barley. At this stage the Chinese speak of the grain as *ho*.



YOLOSHAN, the sacred mountain just across the river and in full view from our mission homes in Changsha. There are both Buddhist and Confucianist temples near the summit. Thousands of pilgrims visit these shrines annually. In the forefront are seen many "paddy-fields." The buildings seen are those of a large government school.

While the *yang* is growing in the beds, the farmers are busy preparing the soil. Petty ownership, together with the extensive irrigating system in rice-growing districts, divides the land into small patches of all sizes and shapes. These paddy-fields are built in terraces, so that the overflow of water from the one above waters the one next lower; and so on for a few, or perhaps several hundred, terraces.

Although usually covered with several inches of water, the paddy-fields are first plowed. The native has a plow with an iron mold-board and one handle, which could be classed with some of the patterns on exhibition in museums or fairs in America that have come down from colonial days. Hitched to one of these plows, the water-cow, or water-buffalo, slowly plods along in the mud and water, which is frequently knee-deep. A harrow of equally ancient lineage is used to prepare the fields for the transplanting.

Then comes the harvest. Large tubs, about three feet high and eight feet in diameter, are carried or rolled to the fields. A large sheet of bamboo matting is stood up inside the tub, running about three fourths of the distance around it, to prevent waste from the flying of the kernels. While one or two harvesters cut the grain with sickles, one or two others stand at the tub and thresh it by holding small bundles in their hands, and with considerable force whipping the heads over the side of the tub at the open space in the matting.

The threshing leaves the rice in the husk, and we again have the same product as was planted, *gu*. This is spread on large mats to dry in the sun, and then carried by coolies on their backs, or by wheelbarrow, or shipped by boat, to the rice-mill. Both in country and in city these mills are very numerous.

A socket large enough to hold about one-half bushel is chiseled out of a stone, and this is nearly filled with

gu. Above this on a fulcrum, or pivot, hangs a large stone hammer. The coolie steps upon the end of this hammer handle, lifting the stone head some three feet, then steps off, letting it fall upon the *gu* in the socket with a thud that can be heard for some distance. Stroke after stroke follows at the rate of nearly one a second. This process breaks the husk from the kernel. Large mills operate a number of these stone hammers, and in places where convenient, they are run by power from a water-wheel.

In October of last year, while traveling, I saw a very unique contrivance. A little mountain streamlet was turned from its course into a box attached to one end of a lever, on the end of which was a stone hammer. As the box filled with water, the increased weight lowered the lever and lifted the hammer. As the handle went down, the water was automatically dumped from the box, and the stone head allowed to fall upon the grain, striking about once every five seconds.

Next, the fanning-mill is used. In construction, appearance, and operation, it is quite similar to those used on thousands of farms in America. The rice, separated from the chaff, coming from this crank-power mill is called *mi*. Of this product, Changsha annually exports about ten thousand tons.

In this part of China, rice is usually prepared (partially cooked, very dry, and without salt) in a large iron kettle, served at meal-time in small bowls, and eaten with chop-sticks. At this stage rice is neither *mi*, nor *gu*, nor *ho*, nor *yang*; but is called *fan*, and is generally eaten with greens, vegetables, or flesh foods, which give flavor.

The above will at least indicate something of the state of civilization in which the great mass of Chinese people live and move. It is probable that two thousand years ago they lived on a higher plane than they do to-day, but being cut off from the Fountain of knowledge, their course has for many centuries been one of retrogression. Only in most recent years has new light begun to dawn for this ancient people.

How You May Help

THERE is a valley of dry bones that is to be mightily shaken in this old world in our very day. When Elijah's prayer unlocked heaven and the rain descended in torrents upon a dry and withered earth, it was only an outward indication of the mighty reviving from on high that fell upon the dry and parched hearts of the people.

When humanity had sunk so low that it could apparently sink no lower, when religion had become only a meaningless form and all spiritual hope was dead, John the Baptist appeared, and ushered in the next great revival, which was intensified by the appearance of Christ himself, and which culminated at Pentecost, when human hearts and lives became so inspired from on high that the entire world was stirred by a spiritual awakening in less than half a generation.

Then, like the receding ocean tide, spirituality began to disappear from the lives of men till the "falling away" became so general that it seemed as if Satan had actually become the undisputed master of the situation. Then began the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, which was another almost world-wide revival, when the church renewed its youth like the eagle, and went forth conquering and to conquer.

Strangely enough, Great Britain, which was then

the most enlightened nation on the earth, was influenced the least by this heaven-sent revival, for there the Reformation was more political than spiritual; hence the people did not receive the notable moral regeneration that was so evident elsewhere. In England for another century the spiritual condition of the people drifted from bad to worse until it was almost beyond description.

The official state church was practically devoid of all spiritual light and power. The very heart of the nation was sick and nauseated. But, thank God, honest souls here and there prayed mightily for a revival from on high, and their cry met an answering response in the courts of heaven.

John Wesley was raised up as the human agent that God used to usher in the mightiest spiritual awakening since the days of the apostles, and England, which was just then on the very verge of plunging into such a social revolution as later culminated in the Reign of Terror in godless France, was instead transformed and became the mother of the great modern missionary movements. As the direct outgrowth of this great spiritual upheaval the British Bible Society, and later the American Bible Society, and a beautiful cluster of similar charitable, philanthropic, and soul-winning agencies, were all set in operation.

The next great, and also the *last*, revival is due; in fact, it is already overdue. This final outpouring of God's Spirit the Bible calls the "latter rain," and it is the spiritual awakening which will ripen the remnant church for the heavenly garner.

You who read these lines may have an important part in ushering in this revival, for revivals do not merely happen; they are *always* the result of certain causes that simple, plain Christian people set in operation. This is a wonderfully inspiring thought; but it also means, on the other hand, that if we *fail* to sow for this revival, we are actually postponing it; and this is just what we have been doing.

If a mere handful of Christian workers had not taken it upon themselves to come close to one another, and to put away their sins, and pray unitedly to God, there would have been no Pentecost until God could have found such a company who would accept this burden of prayer and the putting away of sin, for just such experiences *always* precede every genuine revival.

"When churches are revived, it is because some individual seeks earnestly for the blessing of God. He hungers and thirsts after God, and asks in faith, and receives accordingly. He goes to work in earnest, feeling his great dependence upon the Lord, and souls are aroused to seek for a like blessing, and a season of refreshing falls on the hearts of men." This statement from the servant of the Lord contains the secret of *every* heaven-born revival, whether local or world-wide in extent.

Do you feel that your family, your young people's society, your church, yea, even your entire conference, needs a special reviving from on high? If so, will you be the "individual" referred to above, who will prove the truthfulness of this statement by beginning to "seek earnestly" for this much-needed blessing? Pray for a hunger and thirst after God, and believe that he will hear and answer your prayer.

As he begins to convict you of your sins,—that will probably be the *first* indication that your prayer is being answered,—look to him in humble dependence for strength to put them away, and you will not be disap-

pointed. You will soon be amazed to find that others in your immediate vicinity have somehow caught the same spirit, and a special work of grace has begun that may lengthen and widen and deepen until it meets similar revivals started by others who have been likewise impressed, and then still others, till finally the work is finished and all God's children stand "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," with the seal of God in their foreheads.

You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by giving yourself, heart and soul, to this very experience; and then if the outward, visible result seems to tarry, "wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Hab. 2: 3. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Hail, O Spring!

O PRAISE the Lord that spring is here,
The resurrection time of year,
When nature rises from her tomb
And runs with joy her wondrous loom.

King Sol, the monarch of the sky,
Attacks old Boreas, "hip and thigh;"
With burnished beams he cleaves the air
And drives the frost king to his lair.

The little sloughs are first to feel
The lifting of the tyrant's heel;
Their placid faces cease to freeze,
And ripple in the April breeze.

Soon brooks and rivers, ponds and lakes,
Discover their strong prison quakes;
The sunbeams peer through fissures deep,
And forth the happy waters leap.

Mid rush and tumult, toward their goal
The laughing wavelets skip and roll,
And glistening in the spring-time sun
Through fields and woods their journey run.

Soon to the water's edge comes down
A chattering group of bathers brown;
Across the stream, mid woodland tints,
A stolid green-coat watcher squints.

O'erhead, among the leafless boughs,
As though the sleeping trees to rouse,
A ruddy-bosomed singer fills
The early spring-time air with thrills.

And as he sings, the snowdrop hears
And knows its blooming season nears;
The rock-rose on the warm side-hills
Hears, too, and warns the daffodils.

Then quickly mother nature weaves
Her furnishings of grass and leaves;
Carpets with flower-decked green the leas,
And hangs her curtains on the trees.

O, spring-time fills the earth with joy!
All things their noblest powers employ
To procreate; and thus supply
The places left by those which die.

Sweet spring-time is the time of birth,
When myriads come to live on earth;
The birdies hatch, the fishes spawn,
The baby frogs leap on the lawn,

The new-born lambs frisk round the ewes,
The brindle cow her increase views,
The old gray mare an offering brings;
And e'en the sober plowboy sings,

"My soul, this spring-tide do thy part;
Bring some new joy to earth's sad heart;
Plant holy resolution seeds,
And raise them into noble deeds."

ALEXANDER RITCHIE.

"EARNEST, unselfish, consecrated, true,
With nothing but the noblest end in view;
Choosing to toil in distant fields unsown,
Contented to be poor and little known,
Faithful to death. O man of God, well done!
Thy fight is ended, and thy crown is won."

Ministerial Deportment

I READ in the INSTRUCTOR a few weeks ago some wholesome advice to ministers, telling them what they should do and what they should not do. This led me to some reflections on the past. In 1878 I received a personal testimony of reproof on the matter of gestures when preaching. This has since led me to observe carefully published instruction on ministerial deportment. I shall here quote a few of these testimonies:—

In "Gospel Workers" we read: "The more closely a man walks with God, the more faultless will be his manner of address, his deportment, his attitude, and his gestures. Coarse and uncouth manners were never seen in our Pattern, Christ Jesus."

"Ministers should possess refinement. They should discard all uncouth manners, attitudes, and gestures, and should encourage in themselves humble dignity of bearing.

"The minister should never lose sight of the fact that he is the representative of Christ. He should cultivate grace, courtesy, and refinement of manner. Both in and out of the pulpit he should carry himself with a quiet dignity becoming his elevated calling."

In "Mount of Blessing" we read: "In one who is learning of Jesus, there will be a growing distaste for careless manners, uncouth language, coarse thought."

In an article by Mrs. E. G. White, in the *Review* of March 5, 1895, we read: "The manner in which ministers conduct themselves in the pulpit and out of it and in ordinances connected with divine service, educates the people by its influence." In connection with the foregoing I noticed a testimony in "Christian Education," saying to teachers respecting the training of students, "any ungainly attitude should at once be corrected."

This latter quotation brought to mind the drill we had in school in my boyhood days. In all our declamations, spelling lessons, and recitations in a standing posture, we were taught that it was unbecoming to appear with our hands in our pockets. Any deviation from this course would at once be met with, "Keep your hands out of your pockets;" "Let your hands hang by your sides;" "If you do not know what to do with your hands, fold your arms." If such admonitions did not bring us to terms, we were pointed to a wilted birch rod which might quicken our memories. In those days one addressing the people with his hands in his pockets would usually be an untrained boy or some bashful pettifogger at law. A minister addressing the people with his hands in his pockets would have been regarded as having "boorish manners."

As I read the instruction to ministers in the INSTRUCTOR, and came to "Don't put your hands on your hips," I wondered why the writer of the article did not say, "Don't be all the time putting your right hand in your pocket as if hunting for your jack-knife, or your left hand into the other pocket to see if your pocketbook is still there."

I mention this because there is a habit that has been rapidly coming in among our ministers, more especially so during the last four years,—the habit of talking to the people with one or the other of the hands thrust into the pocket,—and it is disgusting some who come among us from other denominations where they have not been used to such gestures. Think of an Episcopalian coming among us who has been used to the decorum of the ministers of that denomination, with their long gowns without pockets.

"Well," the reader may say, "Brother Loughborough is troubled with what one eminent writer in the last century called 'the child imposing on the man.' This *new feature* of ministerial etiquette he has not yet learned." No, I have not learned it, but I see it is taking very rapidly with some of our young ministers, and if it is to be carried out as in one case which I witnessed a few weeks ago, I beg to be excused from ever learning it. The case hinted at was this: A young man gave an hour's discourse. What he said was good, but over half the time of that hour either his right hand or his left was thrust to the bottom of his pocket. The Bible lay before him on the desk. When he wanted to read a text, he leaned over to see the passage. Of course he could not take up the Bible with his hand, for it seemed essential that his hand must be kept in his pocket while he read. In this posture he wanted to make gestures to give emphasis to something he was reading. He did it by holding out the other hand at right angles with his body and moving it in the air like an undulating wave of the sea. I there and then decided that if such was to be the result of this pocket-thrusting etiquette, by the grace of God it should have no sanction in my pulpit manners.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

The Potter

POTTERY is not only one of the most ancient arts, but it was brought to an unusual state of perfection during the oldest civilizations with which the archeologist acquaints us. Thus we find the designers of today eagerly copying the graceful shapes of Egyptian vases that once adorned the palaces of the Pharaohs; and the wonderful coloring used on the old Persian pottery has become a lost art. Yet what seems still more strange, the wheel on which the potter turns his vases has changed very little since Bible times. This wheel revolves horizontally in a pan, being a sort of disk. Its pace is regulated by a foot-brake, which the potter controls, and the driving power comes from a fly-wheel, worked by hand or machinery.

Koalin, from which the fine china is made, is found in the low-lying land where the granite worn from the mountains, and powdered bones from animals, have settled. As kaolin is scarce, only a small portion is used in coarser wares, the larger part being made up of burnt bones, ground up flints, and common clay. The clay is all very carefully mixed by machinery, and when it reaches the potter it is in a great lump like heavy dough.

Now the potter's work begins. He throws small bits of clay at the moving wheel, which stick and go around with it. As it spins he skilfully molds it with his hands, until the shapeless mass of clay becomes a cup or basin or a beautifully shaped vase. Every article is made separately. Some, like cups with handles, are made in parts and put together before baking. The molded vessels are first placed in a drying-oven of moderate heat, then in small ovens called saggars. The furnace is lighted, the heat is drawn up around the saggars, and they are left in the furnace for about forty hours, producing what is called biscuit china. On this patterns are painted, and the articles are dipped into a liquid glaze, then returned to the saggars for fourteen hours' more baking. With common ware the saggars are opened while in the furnace, and common salt thrown in. This is turned into vapor by the heat, and uniting with other vapors in the saggars, settles in a transparent glaze all over the articles within.

As we think of the skilful hands of the potter shaping the clay into objects of usefulness or beauty, we are reminded of the aptness of the figures used in the Bible. Thus Isaiah says, "But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou art our potter; we are all the work of thy hands." Read Jeremiah 18 and notice how wonderfully the vessel marred in the hands of the potter typifies the Jewish nation.

In the New Testament we have the same figure applied to the individual. Paul says, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay?" Rom. 9: 20, 21. We learn from this that we should not be dissatisfied with our natural gifts, for in 2 Tim. 2: 20 we read again, "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth." Each has its use. It matters only that the vessel be purged, emptied of self, to be "meet for the Master's use." Did you possess that noble talent you admire so much in another, you might become unduly exalted, forget that the Master Potter formed you thus, and so be utterly spoiled for usefulness. We should seek to make the best use of our talents, for as the Saviour taught by the parable of the talents, none are excused. If we feel that they are poor and common, let us remember that it was not the exquisitely wrought cup that graced the king's table, but the humble water-pot of the despised Samaritan woman from which the King of heaven quenched his thirst.

The INSTRUCTOR readers who have Longfellow's poems would find pleasure in this connection in reading "Keramos," or perhaps even committing to memory the stanzas of the potter's song.

MARY H. WILLIAMS.

A Great Man's Humility

DURING General Sherman's last campaign in the South in the civil war certain changes in commanders were made. General Howard was placed at the head of a special division. Soon after this the war closed, and there was to be a grand review of the army at Washington. The night before the review, Sherman sent for Howard and said, "The political friends of the officer you succeeded are determined that he shall ride at the head of the corps, and I want you to help me out."

"It is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," replied Sherman. "You led the men through Georgia and the Carolinas; but, Howard, you are a Christian, and can stand the disappointment."

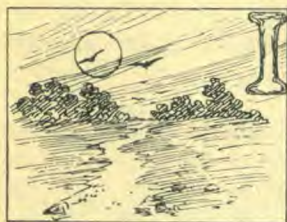
"If you put it on that ground," said Howard, "there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the corps."

"Yes, let him have the honor," said Sherman, "but you will report to me at nine o'clock, and will ride by my side at the head of the army."

Howard protested, but his commander's orders were positive. So that day in the grand review the man who had yielded his rights had a place of higher honor at the head of the whole army. It is ever thus—the meek inherit the earth; those who forget themselves and serve without striving for place, in the end receive the truest honor before both God and man.—J. R. Miller.



The Most Necessary Star



If you were asked which is the most important star to be seen in the sky at night, what should you answer?

Come, let us step outside and name over a few that we have learned to recognize. Most conspicuous of all be-

cause it is the brightest, away out in the southwest, shines Sirius. More nearly south is Procyon; while almost directly east of it, and about as high in the heavens, lies Regulus. West from Sirius lie the bluish-white Rigel and the ruddy Betelgeuse; and still nearer the western horizon is Aldebaran, always following the twinkling Pleiades. Higher up is the beautiful Capella. Castor and Pollux are also in view.

But while some of these shine clearer than do others, and there are differences in color, yet who would venture to say that a red star is more important than a yellow one, or a dull orange better than a brilliant white?

Yet there is one star which, to us, next to the sun and moon, is of more importance than any other object in the heavens. Its name is Polaris. Where is it?

Let us step around to the other side of the house and view the sky toward the north. Ah, there is the Big Dipper, with its broken handle. Of course you all recognize it. This beautiful group of stars is without doubt the best-known constellation in our northern heavens. See, it is pretty well turned over to-night. Notice the two stars—fairly bright ones—which mark the corners of the outside edge of the bowl. They are called the "pointers."

If you could draw a line through these two stars, beginning at the one nearest the bottom, and extend it about the length of the dipper, handle and all, this line would pass very near a solitary star of about equal brightness with these two pointers. This is Polaris, called also the north star and the pole-star.

Were we to look out at midnight, we should see this star in the same place that it now occupies. The Big Dipper would have moved farther to the west overhead, but the two pointers would still direct to the north star. A few hours later the Dipper would lie underneath the pole-star, but still the pointers would sustain the same relation to Polaris.

The great value and importance to us of the pole-star lies in this very fact—that it is always found in the same place, or so nearly so that in looking at it in the usual way we can not see any change. Also its position is almost directly north. That is why it is called the north star. It is the hub around which the rest of the stars seem to revolve.

More than two thousand years ago the Phenicians and Greeks used this star to guide their ships by; and to-day use is made of it for the same purpose by sailors on the oceans and the great lakes. The other stars are constantly shifting their positions, but there stands the north star every hour throughout the night and every night in the year without a change. The sailors are always glad when the weather is clear

enough so that the north star can be seen, for then they can be sure of their course.

Use is also made of this star in surveying land. The United States government requires that observations be taken on Polaris to determine true north before township lines can be laid out. In this the government is very particular, and has the lines afterward tested to be sure that they are correct.

In slavery times in the United States, the Negroes took advantage of this star to guide them north to Canada, where their owners could not again secure control of them. A friend would point out to the poor slave the star that would lead him to liberty. Oftentimes with the master in close pursuit, the Negro would run, ever keeping his eye fixed upon this tiny speck of light. If, in his haste, he stumbled and fell, it was always with his head up lest he lose the star that was guiding him to freedom.

Polaris is white or yellowish white in color, and has a tiny companion near it which is dull blue. There is also another little star revolving around Polaris; so that it is really a three-star system instead of a single point of light as it appears to us.

CLAUDE CONARD.



THE POINTERS AND POLARIS

Sheep-Dog Trials in Scotland



WE went up the glen behind the little town, where a beautiful stream rushes down among trees from the circle of hills, and there we sat on the heather above an open space of green, with a wood at the other end and the dark and lovely mountains looking over beyond.

I wish I could tell you all that each dog did,—they were such lovely dogs, and each with a character of his own,—but there were more than thirty entered for the "trials," so I can tell you

only a few of the stunts demanded of the dogs.

Each dog had three sheep to manage. The sheep were in the wood at the back of the ground, with a man and a dog to send out the three for each dog as his turn came. On the hill at the end of the ground opposite the wood stood each shepherd in turn with his dog, and when the three sheep appeared coming out of the wood, the dog was sent off to find them. It was a long run, and there were hillocks and bushes between, so that it took a little time for the dog to find his sheep. When he had found them, he had to drive them forward through a space between two white flags first, and then through a narrower space between two red flags, and then a long run up to a little row of hurdles with a gap in it; and the three sheep had all to be got through the gap, and then across a long piece

of ground to a little fold with a narrow entrance into which they were to go. There were also some hurdles arranged in the shape of a double cross, and in the more difficult trials the sheep had to be sent through the cross one way and out the other way. There were eight minutes given for the dogs to manage to get the sheep through the two sets of flags and the hurdles, and into the fold; and a quarter of an hour for those that got them through the flags, the hurdles, the double cross, and into the fold.

When the judge sounded his whistle, the dog started; and when the time was up, the whistle sounded again, and he had to stop, whether he had finished or not. Well, one pretty dog, Moss, couldn't find his sheep at all, though he hunted about for them and tried to follow his master's signs or whistling. He was three years old. When the whistle sounded again, he had to give up.

Then came Maid, three years old, and she found the sheep, and got them through the flags; but they were very obstinate, and, though she tried her very best, and her master did all he could to encourage her from the distance, and tried to make her understand what to do, the whistle sounded, and poor Maid had to give up.

Then came Bet, six years old. She shot like an arrow straight for her three sheep, and gently and quickly followed them, driving them before her through the flags, the hurdles, the cross, and into the pen. Such a cheering she got from the spectators! We learned afterward that the judges gave Bet a prize of £14, and a silver cup for her master.

Then came Flossie, only one year old, but she was very clever, and did everything except the gate in the hurdles, which the sheep would not go through for all her trying. She even got them through the practise of the burdensome and meaningless cross, which was the most difficult of all. The sheep often went and stood with their noses close to the gap in the hurdles, and seemed as if they could not help going through, and then provokingly turned off and ran the other way. But Flossie got a prize of £1 for doing so well at one year old.

Then came Tell, Sweep, Fan, and Lad, the latter getting £4 prize; Risp got £3; and Blake got £1. All were eager and wonderfully swift, and it was beautiful to see how they understood every sign given by their masters. It seemed really as if they knew all they had to do; they were very gentle with the sheep; they seldom went near them, and they never barked,—just ran or crept up at a distance; and when they had got them very near the obstacles, the dogs always lay down at their master's sign quite flat on the ground and waited, then walked a step or two and lay down again, just creeping gently nearer and nearer, to make the sheep go through the opening; and when, after all, they turned off in the wrong direction, the dog was up and off to head them back again, with untiring patience. When the dog succeeded, he got a round of applause, and when he failed, every one was sorry for him, and a regretful murmur of "Oh-h-h" went out in sympathy, for all the dogs tried so hard. Once when a dog failed and the whistle sounded, his master stooped down and patted him, to tell him he had done his best.

Some of the sheep were wilder than others, which made it more difficult. But nothing could be more beautiful than the dogs' characters, so absolutely and joyfully obedient to their masters, so eager and bright,

so swift and intelligent, so gentle to the sheep, so full of self-restraint. It was a beautiful lesson to us all, and we could not tear ourselves away till it was over, but sat on the hill watching from half past nine till nearly six, with an interval away for some dinner.

And all the time the stream rushed down the glen among the birch-trees behind us, and often a little rain fell, and the gleams of sun painted lovely rainbows upon the blue mountains every few minutes.

At the end the shepherds stood about on the hill, each with his dogs, talking it over, and we went and patted and stroked the dogs, and then they went forward to receive their prizes.

If ever you have a chance to see a sheep-dog trial, do not miss it.—G. Martineau, in *Inquirer*.

Yee Sui's Lonely Service



On a rocky crag, two hundred feet higher than the level of busy Pittsburgh, stands a church which has but one member. And that church is also the worshiper's home, "a miserable shack, under the shadow of the Municipal Hospital." It is the leper home, tenanted by one unfortunate Chinaman, Yee Sui. How that doleful abode became a place of Christian worship is told thus in the *Congregationalist* (Boston):—

"A few months ago he was a devout worshiper of his ancestral gods, but when the great affliction came upon him, Yee Sui found that his fathers' gods were helpless to meet his dire needs. Then it was that the faithful missionary, Yee Tang, found him and told him of the faith that had become to him better than anything his fathers knew. The result was that just about a year ago, Dr. G. W. Shelton, of the Second Presbyterian Church, stood in the biting wind on that desolate height, on the steps of the leper house, and baptized this Chinaman into the Christian faith. And he has found comfort and grace to meet the sorrows and loneliness of his lot. Once a month the missionary, Yee Tang, comes with the sacred elements of the communion, the bread and wine; but even he must set them down by the steps, and Yee Sui must wait until Yee Tang has retired to a safe distance before he partakes, while Yee Tang repeats the simple ritual. This church has services every Sunday afternoon. Yee Sui is the only worshiper. The service is aided by a phonograph, and a Bible in the Chinese language. After a hymn from the phonograph, Yee Sui takes his Chinese Bible and reads aloud many passages very earnestly. There is a pause, then rises the voice of prayer. The words are strange, but they are spoken in the spirit of faith and of deep devotion. When the prayer ceases, the chords of the phonograph sound again, and the words so dear to sorely tried and needy Christian hearts float out of the strange temple, on the high rock above the careless city in the valley below:—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

Then the service, so pathetic yet so triumphant, is over.

"One day this service had an unexpected and, for

Yee Sui, a joyous ending. Shouting was heard without, and going to the door, who should he see standing there but his own brother, Yee Chow, from far-off Canton. 'I have come to visit you, my brother,' he said. 'I heard in Canton of your sickness. Our father and mother send you their best wishes. Your wife and children hope for your speedy recovery. Am I permitted to embrace you?' But Yee Sui drew back and warned him that he must not come too near. For a long time they talked of the old home and the loved ones there. Then the visiting brother wondered at the fortitude and good cheer of the afflicted one. Yee Sui told of the new faith that had come, and of its power and comfort. The man from Canton listened thoughtfully. He had heard vaguely in China of the missionaries and their new religion, but here he began to realize what it stood for. He comes often now to visit his leper brother and to hear of Jesus and his wonderful power to cheer and strengthen those who trust him. So this strange church, with its one worshiper and its phonograph organ, bids fair to give an exhibition of the true missionary spirit which is the sure mark of every genuine church of Jesus Christ."—*The Literary Digest*.

The Little Agent

AN accident wrecked the train on which George Westinghouse, when a young man, was riding. This

Chance, accident, fate,—what you will,—had sent a child into his life to point out the way to a great name and still greater wealth.

Although young Westinghouse realized his indebtedness to the little magazine agent, and tried hard to find her, he never saw her again. Her work was done.

Our Temperance Volunteers may do far more good by their work than even this little magazine agent did. If by the purchase of a Temperance INSTRUCTOR from a Temperance Volunteer, a drunkard is reclaimed, or a boy encouraged to eschew forever the cigarette habit, or a man persuaded to vote for prohibition, who would not otherwise have done so, the good accomplished can not be estimated.

May every State find hundreds of boys and girls eager to engage in the work of selling the Temperance INSTRUCTOR throughout the summer.

What Some Are Doing

THE Detroit (Michigan) church has taken up a campaign for the purpose of supplying the school-children of the city with the Temperance INSTRUCTOR.

Mr. Davis, the city superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Chicago, placed an order a few days ago for fifty copies of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. He spoke highly of the magazine.

The Aledo (Illinois) church recently ordered eight hundred of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. The money



TAKOMA PARK'S TEMPERANCE VOLUNTEERS READY FOR WORK

set Mr. Westinghouse to thinking how he could devise some means whereby such accidents could be averted. It is said that as he watched the train crews struggling with the inefficient hand-brake, the idea flashed into his mind:—

If there were only some way by which the engineer could brake the train!

For months he thought of little else except this question, but the solution seemed as far away as ever. One hot day, as he was sitting at his desk, a little girl timidly approached him with a request that he subscribe to a magazine. Young Westinghouse, busy and absorbed, but incapable of speaking roughly to a child, purchased a copy, and turned back to his work.

But the end of the task was at hand, for in the magazine at his elbow lay the phrase that was to solve the problem of the air-brake. His model for the brake had been completed, but the operating power was unsatisfactory. In idly turning over the pages of the magazine, Westinghouse saw an account of tunnel building in which the work was done by compressed air. In a flash he had found the solution of his problem.

to pay for these was solicited from the citizens of the town with the understanding that the magazines would be distributed among the students of the schools.

In the two days before the election at Glenwood, Minnesota, Clifford Koldahl, twelve years old, sold the Temperance INSTRUCTOR in that place, and feels that his efforts were blessed of the Lord, as the election resulted in a victory for temperance.

Mr. W. H. Young says: "I have not been canvassing this winter, but I expect to start about April 1. I ordered four hundred copies of the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR. I sold over two hundred in four days, and I expect to sell the rest next week. I find the Temperance number easy to sell."

What are you doing?



"I Didn't Think"

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten began
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.

But wishes do not heal a wound
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
The golden rule, we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say "I didn't think."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Lesson of a Night

WHEN I was a young fellow in school, and afterward in college, I heard a good deal of talk such as I suppose boys and girls hear now," said the doctor. "It was said that the things I had been brought up to believe in—the Bible, prayer, churchgoing—were not of much consequence; that a good many learned people had little faith in the Christian religion. I thought it was a rather smart sign of superiority to say such things. I persuaded myself that I was an unbeliever, and dropped away from home teachings.

"Several years later I was in the West, traveling in an unsettled part of the country, and one day when I had a long ride to take on horseback I was overtaken by a snow-storm. The flakes came thicker and faster until they whirled around me like a thick veil, and soon blotted out every trace of the road. It was open country, and before long I was utterly lost on the wide prairie, not knowing in what direction to go. It was afternoon, and I wandered until I was tired out, and the short day was nearly ended. Then, to my joy, I saw a little light twinkling in the distance, and riding toward it, I came to a cabin.

"A strange, rough-looking man opened the door, and his old wife looked even stranger than he, but they showed me where I could shelter my horse and allowed me to come in. I thought they were foreigners, for a part of their talk with each other I did not understand. They said very little to me, but I thought they looked at me curiously. However, they gave me food and told me I could sleep in the loft.

"I had only just gone there when a noisy stamping outside drew my attention, and peeping down between the rough boards of the loft, I saw two young men come in—great, strapping young fellows carrying guns, and evidently belonging to the family. I saw the mother try to hush them, and I knew she was telling them of the stranger, for she pointed up the ladder. I tried to sleep, but I could not; I felt that I was scarcely as safe as I had been on the prairie. I had carelessly shown my watch. I had a small sum of money with me, and if these people chose to rob

and murder me, no one would ever know what had become of me.

"I listened and watched for an hour, not daring to close my eyes. Then as the old man's voice rose monotonously, I crept from my bed and looked down once more. He had just finished reading a chapter from the Bible, and they had all knelt in prayer. I do not need to tell you that my fears were gone, and that I slept soundly; I knew that Christians were safe neighbors. I always remember that night when I hear any one boasting of unbelief."—*Selected.*

Lost Child Found by Dog



LOST in the woods of New Brunswick for five days and a half and exposed to the cold and rains of early winter as well as to the danger of attack by wild animals, Jane Burabe, a little seven-year-old girl of Saint André, owes her life to a spaniel dog. The child was returning home from a wood lot whither she had gone to carry her father's dinner to him. After losing her way she wandered for miles into a dense cedar swamp. Hundreds of persons scoured the woods for the lost child, but without success, and it was thought that she must have perished from exposure.

At four o'clock in the morning five days after the child's disappearance, the dog which belonged to John Cyr, a neighbor of the Burabes, leaped upon his master's bed and refused to be quieted until the latter got up and dressed. After breakfast Cyr decided to follow the dog, which continued to be uneasy and eager to lead the way into the forest. For six hours they tramped through the woods in a straight line. Suddenly the dog barked loudly at their approach to a big tree, and there the child was found. She was numb from the cold and too weak to walk, but alive and conscious.

The girl said the dog had found her the day before, but that she was too weak to follow him. He had gone for help and got it, and showed by his actions that he knew there must be no time lost if the girl was to be saved.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, May 3

1. OPENING Exercises (15 minutes).
2. Bible Study (15 minutes).
3. Mission Study (15 minutes).
4. Social Meeting (15 minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; report of work; minutes; review briefly mission studies on Mexico.

2. Success in the Christian Life, No. 4. We must experience true repentance. A little girl in Sunday-school, when asked the definition of repentance, said, "It is being sorry enough to quit." 2 Cor. 7:9-11 expresses this thought; also Jonah 3:4-10. David forcibly expresses true repentance in Psalm 51. Unless we repent, we shall perish. Luke 13:2, 3. God is constantly seeking to lead us to repentance. Rom. 2:4; Rev. 3:19. Matt. 6:14, 15, is a test as to whether one's repentance is genuine.

3. Since the General Conference Committee has appointed May 3 as Missionary Volunteer day, and our churches everywhere are requested to observe it, we think best to omit the regular mission study and give you this time to study the world-wide Missionary Volunteer movement of which you are a part.

Doubtless your church will take up the regular program for Missionary Volunteer day, but will you not spend some time as a society in considering this movement, what it is doing for other youth, and what you can do to make it more successful? Missionary Volunteer Series, Nos. 37 and 38, will tell you what this movement is doing for other young people. Order these from your tract society. Price, 3 cents each; 5 or more of each, 40 per cent discount.

4. Can not you close with an earnest consecration service? When Mr. Chapman asked General Booth the secret of his marvelous success as a soul-winner, General Booth replied, "If there is any secret to my success, it is this, that since I first caught a glimpse of London's perishing millions God has had all there is of me." How many in your society to-day will make that full, unconditional surrender?

For Meditation

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR will probably enjoy seeing the meditation slip which was passed out to those attending the recent Missionary Volunteer institutes. The thoughts suggested for meditation would make splendid resolutions for all to adopt personally:—

Let me be thankful for all blessings received in the institute.

Let me grow more earnest as I mingle with those who are indifferent.

By daily Bible study, secret prayer, and quiet meditation, let me continue to grow in my Christian experience.

Let my daily actions prove that my life, my time, and my money all belong to God.

Let me plan everything with reference to the needs of others, not my own.

Let me never again be led astray by my feelings, but let me ever cling to my determined purpose to be an earnest Christian.

Let me be a winner of souls, always realizing that life holds no privilege more precious than to give itself for the salvation of others.

Let me make Henry Clay Trumbull's life purpose my own: "I have resolved that whenever I am in such intimacy with a soul as to be justified in choosing the subject for conversation, the theme of themes shall

have prominence between us, so that I may learn his need and, if possible, help him."

Let me rise above faultfinding, jesting, and gossiping, and become absorbed in the great work of giving the third angel's message.

Let me remember that my life is somebody's Bible, and that it should be so true to principle that it will lead others to Christ.

Let me each morning pray: Take me, O Lord, as wholly thine. I lay all my plans at thy feet. Use me to-day in thy service. Abide with me, and let all my work be wrought in thee.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 6—Lesson 29: "The American Government," Chapters 16-19

1. TELL of investigations which the Smithsonian Institution has made, is making, and plans for the future.

2. Mention interesting exhibits of the National Museum. Outline other work carried by the Smithsonian as the government's agent.

3. Give an account of the building of the Panama Canal, noting the magnitude of the undertaking, the benefits to be derived by its completion, the lock system, arrangements for fortification, the cost.

4. What does the Interstate Commerce Commission supervise? What provision does it make for settling differences between carriers and patrons? for investigation of advance in rates? for uniform accounting?

5. With what difficulty does it meet in fixing rates? What interest does it take in safety appliances and devices?

6. What is the extent of the insular possessions of the United States? Give a brief description of the Philippines and the administration of their government under its different departments.

7. Note improvements in sanitation and other lines now being wrought there.

8. How are the following possessions governed: Porto Rico, Guam, the United States Samoan Islands, Hawaii?

NOTE.—In connection with the reference to the Smithsonian Institution's plans for studying earthquakes, it will be profitable to read pages 108-110 of "Patriarchs and Prophets."

Junior No. 5—Lesson 29: "Daybreak in Korea," Chapters 8, 9

1. RECITE the circumstances which led to Sim Ssi's conversion. Why do you think it was difficult for her to obtain release from Satan's power?

2. What was her first act after her conversion? What influence did it have? How did she show herself to be a true missionary?

3. In what regard did she now hold the Scriptures? Tell the story which proves this conclusively. Does this remind you of anything you have read in the Bible? If so, of what?

4. To what extent did the gospel spread in the village? What plea did the three elders make for the erection of a church building? With what response did it meet? When the building was finished, what glad news came?

5. How did the missionary's servant happen to accompany him? Give an account of the day spent in Mansiki's house; of the first day in the new house of worship. What change had been wrought in Pobai's thoughts?

Progress in the Neglected Continent

BROTHER MAXIMO TRUMMER, Missionary Volunteer secretary in South America, tells us that the Missionary Volunteers in the Neglected Continent are paying the salary of the teacher among the Indians in the region of Lake Titicaca. Then in another part of his letter he continues thus:—

"I want to let you know now that we have outlined our work for the Missionary Volunteers for the year to come [1913]. We have planned to have two books for our Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, 'Steps to Christ' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which are both in Spanish. We have three slips now in
(Concluded on page sixteen)



V — Abraham's Faith Tested

(May 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 22: 1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11: 6.

Questions

1. In what way did God test Abraham? Gen. 22: 1, 2. How old was he at that time? How old was Isaac? Note 1.

2. How long did Abraham delay before starting on his journey? Who went with him? What did he take? Verse 3.

3. How long did it take to reach the land of Moriah? Where is Mt. Moriah? Verse 4; note 2.

4. What command did Abraham give his servants? What did he say he and Isaac would do? Who carried the wood? What did Abraham carry? Verses 5, 6.

5. As they walked together, what question did Isaac ask? What was Abraham's answer? Verses 7, 8; note 3.

6. When they reached the place, what did Abraham first do? When the altar and the wood were ready, what was next done? Verse 9; note 4.

7. How did Abraham further show perfect obedience to God? What did he then hear? What did the angel tell him not to do? What did he say he knew? What had Abraham not kept back from God? Verses 10-12.

8. What enabled Abraham to make such a sacrifice? What promise had been given him concerning Isaac? Heb. 11: 17, 18; note 5.

9. In that terrible hour what gave Abraham hope? Verse 19. How was his faith made perfect? James 2: 21-24. Can we have faith without obedience? Verse 26.

10. How did God "provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering"? What name was given to the place of sacrifice? Gen. 22: 13, 14. What does this name mean? See margin in the Bible.

11. What sacrifice like that of Abraham had God promised to make? John 3: 16. Was Jesus delivered from death as Isaac was? Did God really make the sacrifice he asked Abraham to make? Like Isaac, did Jesus willingly consent to die? Which did God love the better, his Son or sinners? John 3: 17; Rom. 5: 8; note 6.

Notes

1. "At the time of receiving this command, Abraham had reached the age of a hundred and twenty years. He was regarded as an old man, even in his generation. In his earlier years he had been strong to endure hardship and to brave danger; but now the ardor of his youth had passed away. . . . God had reserved his last, most trying test for Abraham until the burden of years was heavy upon him, and he longed for rest from anxiety and toil."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 147. Isaac at this time must have been about eighteen or nineteen years old.

2. Mt. Moriah is where Jerusalem was afterward built. "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mt. Moriah." 2 Chron. 3: 1. "The Jews themselves believe that the altar of burnt offerings in the temple stood upon the very site of the altar on which the patriarch

purposed to sacrifice his son."—*Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, Vol. II, page 360.

3. "None but God could understand how great was the father's sacrifice in yielding up his son to death; Abraham desired that none but God should witness the parting scene. . . . The wood was laid upon Isaac, the one to be offered, the father took the knife and the fire, and together they ascended toward the mountain summit, the young man silently wondering whence, so far from folds and flocks, the offering was to come. At last he spoke. 'My father,' 'behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' O, what a test was this! how the endearing words, 'my father,' pierced Abraham's heart! Not yet—he could not tell him now. 'My son,' he said, 'God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 152.

4. "At the appointed place they built the altar, and laid the wood upon it. Then, with trembling voice, Abraham unfolded to his son the divine message. It was with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate, but he offered no resistance. He could have escaped his doom, had he chosen to do so; the grief-stricken old man, exhausted with the struggle of those three terrible days, could not have opposed the will of the vigorous youth. But Isaac had been trained from childhood to ready, trusting obedience, and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission. He was a sharer in Abraham's faith, and he felt that he was honored in being called to give his life as an offering to God. He tenderly seeks to lighten the father's grief, and encourages his nerveless hands to bind the cords that confine him to the altar."—*Ib.*

5. The "seed" referred to is Jesus, the Saviour of the world. Gal. 3: 16. He was to come through Isaac, and it would seem to Abraham that he was not only putting to death his beloved and only son, but that he would be eternally lost himself, since none could be saved without a Saviour. For him to obey God seemed to put an end to the whole gospel plan.

6. "It was to impress Abraham's mind with the reality of the gospel, as well as to test his faith, that God commanded him to slay his son. . . . No other test could have caused Abraham such torture of soul as did the offering of his son. God gave his Son to a death of agony and shame. The angels who witnessed the humiliation and soul-anguish of the Son of God were not permitted to interpose, as in the case of Isaac. There was no voice to cry, 'It is enough.' To save the fallen race, the King of glory yielded up his life. What stronger proof can be given of the infinite compassion and love of God?" [Rom. 8: 32.]—*Id.*, page 154.

V — A Further Interpretation of the Vision of the Twenty-Three Hundred Days

(May 3)

Questions

1. VERY SOON after the vision concerning the sanctuary service, recorded in the eighth chapter of Daniel, had been given to the prophet Daniel, what did he learn from the prophecies? Dan. 9: 1, 2; note 1.

2. In what prophecy was the Babylonish captivity foretold? Jer. 25: 8-11; note 2.

3. What did the nearness of the time of the restoration of Jerusalem lead the prophet to do? Dan. 9: 3.

4. In his prayer what cause did Daniel assign as the real explanation of the calamities which had come upon Israel? Verse 11.

5. What special request did the prophet make? Verse 16, first part.

6. What reason did he give for this request? Same verse, last part.

7. In urging this request further, what shows that Daniel had in mind the restoration of the sanctuary service? Verse 17; note 3.

8. With what earnest appeal did the prophet close his prayer? Verse 19.

9. While Daniel was praying, who appeared to turn his mind to the vision concerning the sanctuary service? Verse 21; note 4.

10. With what statement did Gabriel begin his instruction to Daniel? Verse 22. Compare Dan. 8: 16, 17.

11. To what was Daniel's attention specifically directed? Verse 23; note 5.

12. During what portion of the twenty-three hundred years of the vision did Gabriel say that the Jews would continue as the special people of God? Verse 24, first part; note 6.

13. What six things did Gabriel say would be accomplished in this period? Same verse.

14. What commandment did Gabriel then mention as marking the commencement of this period? Verse 25, first part.

15. How many years would cover the time from the going forth of this commandment to the appearance of the Messiah? Same verse, last part; note 7.

16. What would happen after the close of this period? Verse 26, first part.

17. In what words was another destruction of Jerusalem and the earthly sanctuary foretold? Same verse, last part.

18. In the midst of the last of the seventy weeks what would the Messiah do? Verse 27, first part; note 8.

19. How definitely was the utter overthrow of Jerusalem foretold? Same verse, last part; note 9.

Notes

1. A part of the vision recorded in the eighth chapter of Daniel was explained in such language as to make it perfectly intelligible. See Dan. 8:20-22. But that portion of the vision which dealt with the sanctuary and its cleansing was more obscure, and was not understood by the prophet. Dan. 8:27. As a direct result of this vision, and with the evident purpose of obtaining more light upon God's purpose concerning the restoration of the sanctuary, Daniel began to search the prophecies, and found that the time for the restoration of the sanctuary at Jerusalem was just at hand. There is therefore the very closest connection between his prayer and the instruction given in response to it, and the vision of the eighth chapter. The time of these two events was doubtless in the same year, as the vision was given "in the third year of the reign of King Belshazzar" (Dan. 8:1), the year in which Babylon was destroyed, and Daniel's prayer was offered "in the first year of Darius" (Dan. 9:1), the next ruler of Babylon (Dan. 5:31).

2. From the writings of another prophet Daniel learned concerning the nearness of the restoration of Jerusalem and the sanctuary service. This suggests that what has been revealed through one prophet is sufficient guidance and authority even for another prophet, and that a new revelation of the same thing is not necessary.

3. Inasmuch as the vision concerning the sanctuary and its cleansing was not understood, and no explanation whatever was given of the period of time at the end of which the sanctuary was to be cleansed, Daniel may have attempted to apply the vision to the sanctuary which was then desolate. At all events, his mind was directed by the vision to the question of the restoration of the sanctuary, and finding that the time of the restoration was near, he presented before the Lord in his prayer the desolate condition of the sanctuary, and earnestly asked that divine favor might be shown toward it.

4. The same interpreter who had been commanded to make Daniel "understand the vision," and who had not yet fully carried out this instruction, appears again to the prophet. This is another link that connects the instruction in this chapter with the vision of the former chapter.

5. In order that Daniel may know that the instruction which Gabriel is to give to him at this time does not apply simply to the restoration of the earthly sanctuary concerning which he has just been praying, his attention is turned directly to the vision by the command, "Understand the vision" (Revised Version). This shows conclusively that what follows is a further explanation of the vision of the eighth chapter.

6. When the typical sanctuary service had become so perverted that it shut away the truths of salvation from the people, instead of revealing them, Jerusalem and the sanctuary were destroyed, and the service was taken away by the king of Babylon. When, after its restoration, the same thing occurred again, and to such an extent that when He who was the author of the sanctuary service and whose work was typified by it, appeared among them, they rejected him, then the sanctuary service was taken from them never to be restored, their house was left unto them desolate, and they lost their place as the special channels of light and salvation to the world. Four hundred ninety years from the restoration from the Babylonish captivity would extend to that time

of rejection. While Daniel's mind was upon the period of seventy years, mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, a period seven times as long is revealed to him, a period equal to ten jubilee periods (Lev. 25:8, 9). This is the first portion of that long prophetic period of twenty-three hundred years, covering the remaining time during which the ministry of the earthly sanctuary would be accepted of God, and so extending to the time of the rejection of the people to whom this sanctuary service had been especially committed.

7. The period of seventy weeks is divided into three portions, — seven weeks, threescore and two weeks, and one week. The seven weeks, or forty-nine years, covered the time during which Jerusalem was being rebuilt; sixty-two weeks, or 434 years, would extend from the completion of that work to the anointing, or baptism, of the Messiah; and one more week, or seven years, would reach to the rejection of the Jews and the turning to the Gentiles.

8. Inasmuch as the events mentioned in this instruction are being considered from the viewpoint of the sanctuary and its service, it is fitting that the death of the Messiah should be foretold not only by the words, "shall Messiah be cut off" (verse 26), but also by the further statement, "He shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease." This is the final taking away of the typical sanctuary service.

9. While the destruction of Jerusalem does not occur within the period of the 490 years, yet there is such a close connection between the rejection of the Messiah, the taking away of the typical sanctuary service, and the rejection of the Jews as the special people of God, and the overthrow of Jerusalem, that the prophetic view is carried forward to that event.

The Worshiper and the Visitor

SEVERAL years ago I was present one Sunday morning in a cathedral in the city of Naples. It was about as bright a day as I ever looked upon. I was there alone, homesick, anxious for some place of worship, and I dropped into a Roman Catholic cathedral. While I sat there, I saw a man come and take his seat in front of an image, drop down on his knees, and begin to recite some sort of formula that he had been told was a prayer. He did not understand any more of the meaning of it than I did: he was an Italian, and that prayer was in Latin, and a particular kind of Latin at that! But he continued to recite it. I watched him for about a half-hour, and then I got up and left the place. I returned about an hour and a half afterward, and found him still kneeling before that altar. By this time the tears were literally raining down his cheeks. He was a poor, terribly decrepit specimen of manhood, and I sat down and fixed my eyes upon him, and watched him for half an hour more. He continued to pray that prayer, and to weep, and to look up at that image,—for it was nothing more than an image,—and then I saw him take out of his pocket a little thumb lancet and slip it up his sleeve. And then I saw him prick a vein with the lancet, and the blood streamed down his arm and dropped off on the marble floor; then he continued praying, and continued to look at that image, until my heart was so overwhelmed with the desire to break the truth to him that I rushed across the building, and, while I could not speak a word that he could understand, I touched his shoulder, and pointed to a crucifix that hung there. That was as near praying as I could do. Then as I did this, one of the attendants in the building seized me and ushered me to the door and showed me the way out.

No personal sacrifice that we can make can atone for sin. We may gash ourselves until we lose every drop of blood we have; we may starve ourselves until we drop in our tracks; we may deny ourselves all the luxuries of life, and take all the hardships thereof, and all this, and everything else, in the end, can never forgive one sin. Our only hope for forgiveness of sin is in the fact that we, through faith, are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ.—*Len G. Broughton, in Golden Age.*

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Read, Study, Work

THE excuse always offered by the competent failure is that he would have succeeded, but he lacked opportunity. And yet this excuse deceives few; for it is a well-known truth that if there is one thing the world is full of, it is opportunity. It is a law of things as they are that if one brings the ability, the world will establish the opportunity.

Too many people expect success without ability, without work, without anything—idle malcontents that believe the world is in debt to them for honoring it with their presence. Yet how painful must be their awakening when they finally realize that they were mistaken and that they had been paid all they earned.

Learn your lesson now: If you want success, work hard and equip your brain so you will have ability to offer. Don't waste your life waiting for your opportunity. Read, study, work; and before you realize it, opportunity will have come to you, you will have embraced it and got far on the road to prosperity.—*Ambition.*

Never Had a Chance

EVERYWHERE and always he is met with—the fellow that “never had a chance.” Sometimes he is old and rings the changes on “chance” to excuse his helplessness and dependence; sometimes he is middle-aged, still young enough to make a fight if the mettle were in him; often he is young,—at the threshold of manhood,—squandering oceans of time while whining to the multitude his melancholy dirge about never having a chance.

What is the meaning back of all this lamentation by the “never-had-a-chancers”?

That the overruling powers have never seen fit to interfere with natural operations in favor of laziness and indifference; that no Fairy Godmother or Lady Bountiful has appeared to bestow honor and fortune; that there has been provided no magic lamp to call up a genie for the convenience of indolence.

By one poverty is pleaded; by another lack of early training. This one bewails the fate that denies him a college career; that one lacks influence. Here an idler declares prejudice against him to be the obstacle; there a weakling wishes he could recall the “good old days of opportunity.”

Poverty—it is as much ambition's spur as determination is its ladder. Lack of early training—whom

has it kept back that was worthy to advance? A college career—the advantage of the favored few. Influence, prejudice, “good old days”—the catch phrases of human parrots.

Since time began, the “no chance” dirge has been sounding to inspire pity and compel contempt. While yet the world was young, the complaints of shirkers assailed the heavens and fell back to plague the earth. The world is pleading for doers, offering a crown of gold and honor for those equipped to respond, but neither this nor anything else will quicken the blood nor rouse the manhood of him whose answer to every opportunity is that he never had a chance.—*Ambition.*

Mother's Apron-Strings

WHEN I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.
But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron-strings.

O happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
O, keep your hearts forever tied
To mother's apron-strings.

—Nixon Waterman, in “A Book of Verse.”

Progress in the Neglected Continent

(Concluded from page twelve)

Spanish,—one by which we can get information from the young people, another on which they send in their names for the Reading Course, and the third is given to those passing the required examination. Don't you think that we are going at it with full power? This is the first year of the Reading Course, and our young people are not so well educated as those with whom you deal in the States. Some of our children can not read at the age of ten, and many never pass the fourth grade in school. But we shall have some good reports of the work from time to time, using the experience of those that are at work to encourage others, and to show them what it really is. Now we are anxious to get our conference societies organized, and to get the church paper, the necessary books, and the Morning Watch to them.”

M. E.

Worth Thinking About

“Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.”

“He who has good health is young, and he is rich who has no debts.”

“He is truly rich who desires nothing, and he is truly poor who covets all.”

Truth wants no champion who is not as ready to be struck as to strike for her.—*J. G. Holland.*

“I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.”